

The Batchellors Fore-cast,

OR,
Cupid unblest being an Answer to Cupids Trappan or up the Green Forrest.
Though many Zelots do in Love seem holy
Yet he accounts it all to be bucko lly.

To the Tune of *Cupids Trappan*.



O Once did I love and a very pretty Girl;
Thinking to make her my own,
Although she did look like the mother of Pearl,
Yet now am I fledg'd and flown brave Boys.
yet now am I fledg'd and flown.

I loved her and loved her yet she did deny,
she answered she would have none,
The humor of love I desire,
But now am I fledg'd and flown brave Boys.

I try'd my Art to make her to me sure,
And still I did call her my own,
At last she'd endure to stoop to the lure,
But now I am fledg'd and flown brave Boys.

Since she doth so scorn me, with Back I'll Adown
I will be out litted by none, (me
These feminine creatures are absolute cheaters
But now am I fledg'd and flown brave Boys.

But since I saw her, what fancy hath took her
In the Forrest she seeks for her own,
she hoops & she hops like woodcocks & Doves
Her bonny Birds fledg'd and flown brave Boys

My humor some Love, I could not approve,
Her humor was single alone;
Now I have another that better than tother,
Her bonny Birds fledg'd and flown brave Boys



A As now I do here the fain would draw near,
 For now the doth call me her own,
 I care not for that I'll keep out of her trap,
 Her bonny birds fledg'd and flown brave Boys,
 If she sing and swagger, I'll drink till I stagger,
 The humor of Love, I desire it,
 Turn Whillets to wine therein I will pine,
 Better live with it, than by it brave boys.

Why should I be eyed her humour to hide,
 I'll never be linkt to one;
 Count Maidens and Maisters twenty to ten,
 Her bonny birds, fledg'd and flown brave Boys.
 I'm come from the wars without any scars,
 Although I was most in the Action,
 My money doth chink, and I must have some drink,
 And a pox on this foolish love faction, &c.

I always did wait on my pretty Love Kate,
 Intending my Love for to marry,
 But since she is no better, I'm none of her debtor,
 The Devil shall have her for Harry brave Boys.
 Though I am no Cripple yet well I can Tittle,
 I scorn for to haue my Liquor,
 The Juice of the Grape tastes better than Kate,
 To the Tavern I am a close flicker.

I might have had all, and have given her the fall,
 When 's nothing that would me hinder,
 But something that woulde Child, Cripple, & Curle,
 I never would light the tinder brave Boys.
 But yet I advise, let's be merry and wise,
 To shun many future disasters, (kind
 Though young men may find that Maidens are
 Yet never let Love be your masters.

If any one say me of falsehood in Love,
 And say I'll prove true to none,
 I pul'd out my Dickle because she was fickle,
 Her bonny birds fledg'd and flown brave boys,
 If I'd not march'd off, he at me would scoff,
 I'd rather at Sea for to venture,
 If I loose Leg or Arm 'tis not so much harm,
 As steering out Love to the center, &c.

If Love hath bewitcht her, what is it to me,
 I wonder blind Cupid would let her,
 Since she is not bewitcht nor her honesty tutcht.
 Why should she tetyde in the fester brave boys.
 'Tis better for you to live as you be,
 Then a false hearted maid for to marry,
 Not all the deceit of Bess, Sue and Kate,
 Could never Trappan honest Harry.

So long as she is free, she cares not for me,
 Her Maiden head is her bonny,
 If she sing and laugh I'll merrily quaff, (boys
 And ne'er spend an idle thought on her brave

FINIS.

With Allowance.

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